

Monday morning, June 15, 1840.

Dear Helen:

48 Providence is smiling upon us most benignly. Since I finished my scrawl to you of yesterday, every thing appertaining to sky, air and water has been of the most delightful character. We are now within 125 miles of Liverpool, with a tranquil sea, and going at the rate of 8 or 10 knots an hour; so that there is scarcely a doubt that we shall be walking in the streets of Liverpool in the course of twenty-four hours. But there is a homely adage, "Do not halloo until you get <sup>out</sup> of the woods" - and another to this effect, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip" - so I will not allow myself to be too sanguine on this point. Should we not be disappointed, however, we <sup>shall</sup> remain to-morrow night in Liverpool, and on Wednesday morning take the cars for London, which will soon carry us to "the capital city of mankind." Last night it was very beautiful - the moon shone brightly, illuminating the joyous sea with its beams, pouring a radiant tide of light upon our gallant bark, and revealing to us in the distance the outlines of the Irish coast - and the stars looked down upon us with their angelic eyes, as if to steal away our hearts - and the waves chanted melodious music - and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Feelingly I exclaimed with the poet -

"Most glorious night! thou wast not made for slumber!" and so I continued to pace the deck until a late hour, musing upon many things, and now and then giving a yearning look toward the blue West, where lies the dearest home of all the homes on earth - i. e. the dearest to me. At midnight, I threw myself into my berth, and found (what I could not the night previous) repose and sleep. The morning has broken upon us splendidly. I begin to feel as if I were not wholly lost to mankind, and could be of some little service to somebody in this suffering world. God grant that my mission to England may not be in vain! My weakness is perfect, but his strength is infinite; my judgment fallible - his wisdom unerring; my ignorance excessive - his knowledge vast and exhaustless. Aid me, O God, at this crisis! Make my tongue as the pen of a ready writer; fill my mind with great and good thoughts; give me a double portion of thy grace; and exert over me a loving mastery in all things!

I have been reading to dear Rogers the following exquisite poetical tribute, taken from "The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction" - and as it is expressive of the feelings of my heart in view of an incident which I trust has safely transpired, for the third time, at home, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of copying it, my love, for your perusal - not doubting that you will be as much pleased with it as I have been.



To a New Visitant. II By J. H. Wiffen.

Welcome, dear child, with all a father's blessing,  
To thy new sphere of motion, light, and life!  
After the long suspense, the fear distressing,  
Love's strong, subduing strife.

Sealed with the smile of Him who made the Morning,  
Though to the matron charge of love consigned,  
Com'st thou, my radiant babe, the mystic dawning  
Of one more deathless mind.

'Tis a strange world, they say, and full of trouble,  
Wherein thy destined course is to be run:  
Where joy is deemed a shadow, peace a bubble,  
And true bliss known to none.

Yet to high destinies it leads, — to natures  
Glorious, and pure, and beautiful, and mild, —  
Shapes all impassive to decay, with features  
Lovelier than thine, fair child!

To winged Beatitudes, for ever tending,  
Rank above rank, to the bright source of bliss,  
And, in ecstatic vision tranced, still blending  
Their grateful love with His.

Then, if thou'rt launched in this benign direction,  
We will not sorrow that thy porch is past: —  
Come! many a picture waits thy young inspection,  
Each lovelier than the last.

What shall it be? On Earth, in Air, in Ocean,  
A thousand things are sparkling, to excite  
Thy hope, thy fear, joy, wonder, or devotion,  
Heiress of rich delight.

Wilt thou, when Reason has her star implanted  
On thy fair brow, with Galileo soar?  
Rove with Linnaeus through the woods, or haunted  
Be by more charmed love?



Shall sky-taught Painting, with her ardent feeling,  
Her rainbow pencil to thy hand commit?  
Or shall the quivered spells be thine, revealing  
The polished shafts of Wit?

Or, to thy fascinated eye, her mirror  
Shall the witch Poesy delight to turn,  
And strike thee warm to every brilliant error  
Blanced from her magic urn?

Hear her not, darling! she will smile benignly,  
So she may win thine inexperienced ear;  
But the fond tales she warbles so divinely,  
Will cost thee many a tear.

She has a castle, where, in death-like slumbers,  
Full of wild dreams, she casts her slaves; some break,  
After long hunt, their golden chains; but numbers  
Never with sense awake.

She it was, dear, who in Greek story acted  
Such tragic masques; who, in the grape's disguise,  
Choked sweet Anacreon, Sappho's soul distracted,  
And seared old Homer's eyes:

Tasso she tortured; Savage unbefriended;  
O'er Falconer's bones the matted sea-weed spread;  
Chatterton poisoned; Otway starved; and blended  
White with the early dead!

She too, with many a smile, thy sire has flattered,  
Promising flowers, and fame, and guerdons rare;  
Till youth was past, and then, he found, she scattered  
Her vows and wreaths in air.

Shun, then, the Siren! spurn her laurelled chalice,  
Though the bright nectar dance above the brim;  
Lest she should seize thee in her mood of malice,  
And tear thee limb from limb!

(Over.)



But, to selecter influences, my beauty,  
Pay thy young vows, — to Truth, that ne'er beguiles,  
Virtue, fixed Faith, and unpretending Duty,  
Whose frowns beat Fancy's smiles!

W  
Mrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison,

25, Cornhill,

Boston,  
Mass.

[No. 3]

Look on me, love, that in those radiant glasses  
Thy future tastes and fortunes I may trace; —  
O'er them alternate shade and sunshine passes,  
Enhancing every grace.

Peace is there yet, and purity, and pleasure;  
With a fond yearning o'er the leaves I look;  
But the lid falls — farewell the enchanting treasure!  
Closed is the starry book!" Yours, ever, W. L. G.